

28
NORTHERN

JUNKET



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TAKE IT OR LEAVE IT

Has square dancing become a fad? Yes it has, to a certain type of person. Notably the "cafe society"; by smirking reporters of the metropolitan press; by ham actors of the radio; and by Hollywood. All have given this form of recreation the poison kiss of **fadism**. The pressure is increasing weekly, and the next few months are critical ones in showing the direction we are to take.

Most of the established leaders have their feet on the ground, and can be depended on to be aware of the true values needed to guide this great recreational and cultural movement. It is to the average dancer that this is directed. Beware of the "Johnny-come letely" leader with all sorts of crazy tunes and figures which are no more in keeping with the spirit of square dancing than a dog is related to a billy goat. Beware of the dancer who would turn square dancing into an athletic contest. And most of all, beware of the person who would turn dancing into a form of political activity. The time is here to separate the "men from the boys". The time is here for leaders to be leaders and not followers. The movement has had a sound, steady growth for the past ten or twelve years, and there seems little need to change its policies. Square dancing fell into disfavor fifty years ago because of the roughhouse style of dancing. It is up to the present generation of square dancers to see that it does not happen in our time.

Sincerely

Ralph Page

FOLK DANCING AND WORLD PEACE



An exhausted world gropes aimlessly about for an elusive Utopia where wars are not a periodic disease, and all nations live together amicably. We unite with people all over the world in a prayer of thanksgiving that peace has once more returned to the earth. Victory was ours because we had the good sense to forget petty differences, and to unite for one common cause--to win the war.

If we can overlook our personal prejudices in order to win a war, then surely we can do so to keep the peace. If, in the endeavor to make other people see and understand our way of life, we make just as great an effort to understand them, then we will be well on our way towards the preservation of peace.

The following ideas are culled from many talks with folk dance leaders: Don Chambers, Benjamin Lovett, Michael Herman, Elizabeth Burchenal and countless others.

The solution offered here is much too simple to occur to the master minds of the UN organization. If we are truly in earnest about world peace, then we should divide the world into districts. At the head of each there should be a man-or woman-well versed in folk lore, dances, and songs. This leader would see to it that all persons in that district had a good working knowledge of the folk dances, folk songs and

folk lore of at least three other countries. We should remember a Scotch saying: "You can't fight with the man you've danced with". Singing, too, would help, even if your nearest neighbor missed a "swipe" in a close harmony number.

Music and dancing know no boundary lines and have always moved lightly across barriers between nations. They are perfectly capable, along with other forms of art, of promoting a more understanding world. Through the simple medium of a contagious folk dance, a happy folk song, the telling of a folk tale, or a dinner of native food, more good will is bred between peoples than through other more dignified-perhaps-but less effective methods.

Folk dancing is a medium through which we teach tolerance and understanding; through which we learn to play together; through which prejudices are overcome; through which a spirit of fellowship is attained.

Seemingly a remote subject in discussions on war and peace, the folk dance and music nevertheless can play an important part in bringing about a better understanding between nations. Learned discourses on the need for world cooperation can be a bit less hard to take by the interpolation of periods of folk dancing and folk songs. After all, which name conjures up a more vivid picture of Austrian people at home and at peace, Metternich or Strauss? In the case of Poland, which strikes a more responsive chord, Chopin or Arciszewski? Which means the most to the average citizen, Trotsky or Tchaikovsky?

Actually, I suppose, the average folk dancer does not think of himself as a dispenser of good will, but through his folk activities he acquires a feeling of tolerance and carries it with him in his everyday life. He unconsciously acquires an understanding and respect for the other fellow's way of life, upon which friendship is built, and it is this spirit of friendship upon which our future world organization

must be built.

No thoughts of getting an international understanding enters the mind of a person who takes up folk dancing. All he wants is fun and relaxation. In fact if he thought that there was and "educating" involved, he would run away from it at top speed as from a plague. Yet there comes a day when the folk dancer realizes that somewhere along the line he has accumulated a vast knowledge of the background of many nations. How come his education is so painless?.

It begins when he learns the names of the dances, how to pronounce them, and what their translations means. He discovers that "ctyry kroky" in Czech means "four steps"; that "kolo" means "circle"; that "ohorodnick" in Ukrainian means "gardener"; that "baroiges" in Jewish means "angry"; that "Hohanochka" in Russian means "sweetheart".

By going with his group to various nationality restaurants he acquires a taste for Armenian stuffed grape leaves, Polish "krustiki", Russian "sirnik", Scandinavian "smorgasbord", Greek "pilau", German "stollen", Lithuanian "piragas." He learns that Slavs drink their tea from glasses while the English and Irish use cups. He learns and likes the Swiss habit of adding a few drops of Kersck to his coffee. When the waiter hands him a menu he is not completely at sea with the names he finds on it.

From Finnish dancing partners he hears of the striking similarity between the "Kalevala" and Longfellow's "Hiawatha". Not quite convinced he reads them both, and discovers for himself the source of Longfellow's inspiration. He notes the similarity of the folk heroes of all nations, and realizes that "Robin Hood, Brennan of the Moor, the Cid, Jesse James" had much in common.

He learns that Scandinavian women never go out in public without hats. He discovers the secret of the never-fading blue color in many

Estonian costumes. He notes that Russian men wear their shirts outside their trousers, while the Ukrainians tuck their shirt-tails in.

He gets to know the important dates in many countries history, and picks up interesting data on customs. Things that once were strange to him are now familiar.

He learns the folk songs of other lands and loves their tunes and harmonies. No longer does he feel an outsider when someone starts to sing "Tante Kobi, Muss i Denn, Zum-Gali-Gali, Tancuj, Vreneli, or Every Night When The Sun Goes In", for he knows them and can sing them with feeling and appreciation.

He gets the recipes for foreign dishes and brings them home to his wife or mother and in this way initiates the whole family to the delights of "Beef A La Straganoff, Borsch, Hutsput, Hassenpfeffer, Flan or Sauerbraten."

So, through actual experience and participation in the folkways of other peoples, the folk dancer, without even realizing it obtains a better understanding of his fellow man. Armed with this spirit of understanding and the tolerance that goes with it, he can contribute to the spirit of fellowship which is so necessary a quality in the building of a lasting peace.

You cannot be an isolationist and a folk dancer. You can't fight with the man you've danced with. Simple? Certainly. But effective if we really want to make it so.

Square dancing Wednesday evenings and delectable old-fashioned Cape Cod clambakes during the week are the most popular features at the Cape's exclusive Wianno Club overlooking Nantucket Sound where many well-known New Englanders are now enjoying their leisurely summer holidays.

Fitchburg⁸, Mass. 5/18, 1949

Dear Ralph:



Northern Junket #2 just received, and eagerly read from "kiver to kiver", finding every page well worth reading. I think you have something on the ball both educational and entertaining, and I hope succeeding issues will open the eyes of the present generation that Gramp and Gram, even before the "Gay 90s" were not so dum slow after all,

and knew how to make and enjoy those old time dances now coming back strong.

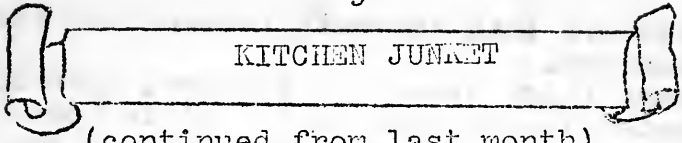
Old Rip Van Winkle, who took a 20 year nap in the kaatskill Mts. after a too-oft return to the wicked flagon, found on awakening that his dog had disappeared, his gun fallen to pieces, his clothes threadbare, and his beard a foot long. On returning to life he did not know who he was where he had been, nor that a new nation had been born while he snored.

Time marches on, and much has happened since. Rip's nap, and the 20 years sleep of the old dances I learned to play and dance over 60 year ago. Many a night have I drawn the bow or tooted the flube in a farm house kitchen or rural hall, with a dollar or two as reward, from 8 p.m. til the roosters crow warned us that milkin' time had come. Happy days? Damnit yes, when a 2 cent glass of cider put more kick in ones feet than a 50 cent highball of the present era.

I doff my hat to our overseas ancestors who left us such a rich heritage of inspiring music. Even as I near the four score year mark, I still continue to "rosin the bow."

Sincerely

Will E. Ayer.



KITCHEN JUNKET

(continued from last month)

"Time for Money Musk," said Mother quietly. No fanfare over this most famous of all New England dances. A simple statement of fact accepted by all of us.

"All right everybody. Here we go. First and fourth couples join right hands and turn once and a half around. Go below one couple and forward six. Three quarters round and forward six again. Three quarters round and right and left four. All ready Jim?"

We did the dance New Hampshire style; using twenty four measures of music instead of thirty two; taking little short steps all the way thru the dance. Each time we went "forward six" we used the old step that was half way between a pas de bas and a Highland Fling step. Extremely difficult to describe, you would have to see it to have any idea how it should be done.

Money Musk was one dance we tried to do perfectly. No fooling around was tolerated. If you couldn't do it the way it was supposed to be done, we didn't want you in the set; "Go somewhere else and learn it, but don't you dare to louse up OUR sets."

We did the dance twice through. Then Clint asked: "We got to do the Lancers before we stop dancin'?"

"Yes you have," answered Aunt Mabel. "Do you good to dance like a gentleman once in a while."

"That's what I've been doin' in Money Musk. Too much bowin' and scrapin' in the Lancers for me. I'm goin' to set this one out."

"Me too," chimed in Henry Wilson and Sheldon.

"Oh no you're not," cried the girls. "Nobody sits down at THIS junket. You just want to sneak another dipper of cider." And they were

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hustled off into the sets forming for the London Lancers.

Funny thing about the Lancers. Most of the men hated it, and most of the girls loved it. The only figure we men cared for was the "grand square", which was just tricky to be interesting.

Uncle Wallace was a great believer in making us do something we didn't like to do. "Good for your souls," as he said. So he played and called all five figures of the dance. And we bowed to our partners and corners a hundred times it seemed. We advanced and retired and turned our partners and corners and opposites into place by both hands. It was sort of fun, but we were bored stiff by the time it ended.

There was a concerted rush for refreshments when the Lancers was finished. It was the last round and well we knew it. We also knew that the dancing part of the junket was over for the evening. It was nearly one o'clock and we had done a lot of figures. Uncle Wallace's junkets were always like that. Sure, we had refreshments and lunch, but the main idea was to dance.

"Come on, fellers," said Harry, "Let's bring the stove in. Wallace don't want to do it alone".

"Damned thing never comes in as good as it goes out," panted Ernest, after we had finally gotten it leveled up to Uncle's liking. Then we brought in the chairs and the kitchen and dining room tables, as well as the one in the living room.

"Many hands make light work," quoted Sheldon.

"Even if some of 'em don't do much," added Clint.

"I feel like singing," said Larry. "Al, Sam, Harry, come on, all of you and join me in a hum".

A hum? That's what he said, but you could have heard us three hills off. We sang "Aunt Dinah's Quilting Party, Hear Dem Bells," and "Co cachelunk, chelunk, chelaylee" with everybody joining in on the choruses. The mood changed as swiftly as it had come, and we sang next "Juanita"

followed by "Steal Away," and "Were You There?" We didn't consider it a sacreledge to sing the last two spirituals at a kitchen junket. We all felt that the mood of a group was of more importance than the place.

Then the four of us sang "Shenandoah" and "John Peel". Never, it seemed to me, did Larry sing the melody of these last two songs better than tonight. His voice had the soft contagious lilt common to many good Irish tenors, and Larry could have gone far in the musical world if he had not been needed so desperately at home.

As we finished "John Peel", Florence asked: "Al, you've just back from traipsin' all over Canada. Didn't you learn any French songs up there? We want to hear some if you did."

"Yes, I learned several," I replied, "but I'll have to sing them in French and you won't understand the words."

"Never mind," everybody answered at once. "Just tell us what they are about before you start in and we'll guess the rest."

"Well, here is a nice one they sing on New Year's Eve. Groups of young men wearing masks, go from house to house most of the night. When they go into the house they sing this lively song, "La Guillannee", then they dance with the girls of the house and the mother passes around cakes and cookies, and puts her donation for the poor in the basket which the masqueraders carry with them for that purpose."

"Seems like a nice habit," said Mother, "let's hear it."

"The first verse greets everybody in the house, and then they say that it's the last day of the year, "La Guillannee" is due, and so on."

"Bon soir, le maitre et la maitresse
Et tout le monde du logis,
Pour le dernier jour de l'annee
La Guillannee vous nous devez,

Si vous ne voulez rien donner
Dites nous le.

On vous de mand'ra seulement
Un'e chinee.

Dansons,dansons la guillannee,
Dansons,dansons la guillannee,
La guillannee,la guillannee,
Dansons,dansons la guillannee."

"And here's one I heard all over Quebec and Ontario. It's about a girl named Isebeau, who walked in her garden near the sea and met thirty young sailors. The best looking one sang a song that she liked, and he tells her that if she will go on board ship with him he'll teach it to her. She goes, but begins to cry, saying that she has lost her wedding ring. He dives for it, can't find it, dives again, and again, and is drowned that third time."

"Isebeau se promene le long de son jardin,
Isebeau se promene le long de son jardin,
Le long de son jardin,
Sur le bord de l'ile,
Le long de son jardin,
Sur le bord de l'eau,
Sur le bord du vaisseau."

"They have some good songs, don't they Al",
said Uncle Wallace.

"Sure do. A fine people. Most of them good workers, and all of them happy and gay."

"Used to know a song about a colored gal.
Heard it first in a minstrel show, years ago.
Goes like this."

"I met a pretty yaller gal,
Her name I do not know,
I meet her ev'ry evenin'
No matter where I go.
Her eyes are brown, her hair is black,
My heart goes pitter pat,

You'd know her if you saw her
For she's always dressed in blue.
Oh she drives this darky crazy,
I don't know what to do,
If I can't have the pretty yaller gal
That I saw dressed in blue."

By this time the fire had burned itself low, and Harry asked: "Did you ever hear about the ghost in Sheldon's attic?"

"No. And you never dâd either," answered Sheldon. "There ain't any there. Nor anywhere else either."

"Well I don't know about that. There's some funny things happened that nobody can explain."

"Not in our house," said Florence. "It's a new house and ghosts don't like a new place."

"Don't seem to," stated Uncle Wallace. "And did you ever notice its always over in the next town or the next state where such things happen. Funny about that, ain't it?"

"Nothing funny about it at all," affirmed Sheldon more positively than before, "there isn't any such thing as a ghost. When you're dead you're dead, and no part of you comes back to wander around the earth."

"You're mighty sure about that," growled Jim Davis, "Must be you never heard what happened to your father when he was a boy. Seems he went one summer to live with an uncle over in York state. Very first night he was there he got woke up by loud thumps on the floor beneath his bed. He said he thought someone was trying to scare him and didn't pay much attention to it. But every night it was just the same, and he finally mentioned it to his uncle. Both of 'em stayed awake the next night waiting for the noise, and as soon as they dozed off there it was again; several loud thumps on the floor. Well, the next day they moved your father into a different room, but the same thing happened

again. Then his aunt begun havin' trouble with the picture of her dead mother, that hung on the wall in one of the rooms. Kept droppin' to the floor. Then the noises began to come from all over the house, from the walls as well as the floors. This was too much of a good thing and they started lookin' for someone to sell the place to; hadn't lived there very long so it didn't hold 'em none. An old Frenchman in town told them that just a hundred years before there'd been a man and wife murdered in the house. Never found their bodies, but the floors and walls were all covered with blood. Never knew who did it nor what for. Well they sold the place after a while an' come back here to live. Pretty quick after they'd sold out, the house got struck by light'nin' and burned flat. How do you explain all that if it warn't ghosts."

"Must be ghosts, too, that man the "Dead Ship of Harpswell", stated Larry. "That's down on the coast of Maine you know. Every once in a while people down there see this ship floating toward shore. An old timer she is, with tall masts and sails all tore to tatters. No name on her and no one can get an answer from her. She don't make a sound, but in fair weather or foul, when she appears off the coast she sails right in til she almost touches shore; then she stops and floats off rudder foremost to sea."

"They tell many stories about phantom canoes in Canada," I added, "they call them chasse-gale rie, and they sail through the air just clearing the tree tops, and are filled with homesick men who have sold their souls to the devil so that a chasse-galerie may transport them back to the homes they have left. I heard old men and women swear by all that was holy that they had heard these phantom canoes; heard the sound of paddles the faint chant of a chanson de voyageur, and the distant splash of water. The men who take

this trip are usually trappers or miners who have been away from home maybe two or three years. They never return for the devil never lets them go once they've sold themselves to him. He keeps his word about letting them see their home and families, but he makes no promises to permit them to remain home once they have seen it from the tree tops. They are damned souls who must forever ride the skies."

"Damned souls indeed," snorted Sheldon, unbeliever to the last. "We'll be damned if we don't get out of here and go home. We'll come again Wallace when we can stay longer."

"Oh, must you go?" asked Aunt Mabel. But there was little urgency in her voice. It really was getting late, though of course we did not leave immediately. That would have been a grave breach of courtesy.

We found our baskets and retrieved our coats and hats. Spent a few minutes reliving certain little episodes of the past evening, and gradually edged toward the door. Each of us thanked the old couple for a delightful evening and hoped we could come again sometime.

"Good night everybody," said Uncle Wallace as we said our last goodbyes. "'T was nice havin' you here. We'll have to have another before hayin' starts. Take care an' don't let one of Al's chasse-galleries carry you off on the way home."

As we turned the corner of the driveway and started down the dirt road to the village, we all turned and shouted a loud: "Goodnight Uncle Wallace. Come and see us Aunt Mabel."

The two were standing in the kitchen doorway, silhouetted by the lamplight, waving goodnight to us all. The kitchen junket was over.

the end

Ralph Page

SQUARE DANCE

Girl I Left Behind Me Adirondack version
 Contributed by "Duke" Miller, Gloversville, N.Y.

Introduction

Allow music to run four bars	4
Bow to your partners one and all	2
And to your corner la-a-a-dy.	2

The Break

Allemande left the left hand girl		
Touch right hands with your partner		
Allemande left that right hand girl ...		8
Come back and promenade your own.		
(promenade takes 8 more bars)	8

The Figure

First old couple leads to the right ..	2
And balance there so kindly	2
Walk right through and balance again ..	2
And swing the one behind you	2

Long Swing

Take that new girl to the next	8
And balance etc.etc.		

Long Swing

Take that new one to the next	8
And balance etc.etc.		

Long Swing

Long Swing	8
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Note--at this point each man should be home
 with a new girl.

Now insert the complete break including the
 promenade.

Second couple now does the figure and the break
 and as the promenade starts, immediately call:

Spin her back and walk the next
 She walks with the man behind her
 Spin her back and walk the next
 She walks with the man behind her
 Spin her back and walk the next
 She walks with the man behind her
 Spin her back you have your own
 So promenade that lady home

16
 or
 24
 if not
 home in
 position

Third couple same as the first,
Fourth couple same as the second.

Although description is long, the dance is fast,
taking about six minutes to do the whole dance.

The call "spin her back" etc. should be done
from New England promenade position as follows:

Raise left hands high, as left feet hit floor
the man exerts a sharp pull with his right hand
on girls waist. This causes the girl to spin
once in place. At the same time the man keeps
moving ahead and the next girl ahead of him
should drop onto his right arm in promenade
position.

"Walk through and balance again"--girls go thru
on inside, and this balance is back to back with
that couple. Thus, when they balance, the first
man and second lady are back to back; likewise
first lady and second gent are back to back.

Hollywood has just discovered what New Eng-
land has known since the days of its forefath-
ers, that square dancing is fun. Since Hollywood
is inclined, at times, to be a little insular in
its way of thinking, it is taking time out from
its regular duties to announce the discovery
solemnly, as if it were something brand new. It
does concede that it's been going on for some
time in other parts of the country, but, it feels
it belongs in the category of a "vogue".

Even the movies are looking at square danc-
ing with a carefully appraising eye. In some
films of previous years there's been an occa-
sional brief sequence, just to keep in the spi-
rit of the time of the picture.

Prunella Hall
Boston Post

CONTRY DANCE

Monadnock Reel

Music: "Glise à Sherbrooke" or Sherbrooke Slide

The Dance

First and every alternate couple cross over
before dance starts. They are the active couples
and:

Balance partners

Do si do partners

Allemande left the one below

Swing partner in the center

(This is a long swing)

Down the center and back

Cast off, and ladies chain

continue the dance as long as desired.

Monadnock Reel



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FOLK DANCE

Troika

Formation

Groups of three-man and two ladies-all facing counterclockwise. The man stands in the center of each group of three and joins hands with each of his two partners. The ladies' free hands are on the hips.

First Figure

Meas.1: Four running steps diagonally forward to the right, all starting with right foot.

Meas.2: Repeat with four running steps diagonally to the left.

Meas.2-4: Eight running steps straight forward in line of direction, starting with right foot.

Meas.5-6: Still keeping hold of hands, the lady on man's right runs in front of him and goes under the arch formed by him and the left hand lady, back to place with eight running steps. The man and other lady run in place, and the man turns to his own left under his own left arm as the right hand lady runs under the arch.

Meas.7-8: Repeat the figure for the left hand lady.

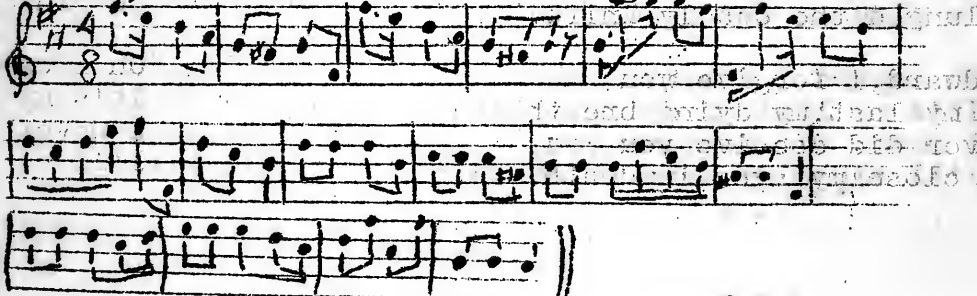
Second Figure

Meas.9-11: Each group of three joins hands and circles to the left twelve running steps.

Meas.12: All stamp three times in place, l-r-l.

Meas.13-16: Keep hands joined and run to the right 12 running steps. End with three steps in place.

Ladies release hands and all continue to dance with same partners. Or, the dance may be made progressive; instead of the last three steps in place, each man runs under the joined hands of ladies, releases their hands and goes on next.



20
FOLK SONG

Down by a weeping willow
Where the violets early bloom,
There lies my sweet Aurilla,
All silent in her tomb.

She died not broken hearted,
Nor sickness her befall,
But in one moment parted
From all she loved so well.

One night as the moon shone brightly,
As bright as ever knew,
Into her cottage lightly
Her jealous lover flew.

"Come love, say let us wander
Upon these banks so gay.
Come love, say let us ponder
Upon our wedding day."

The way was long and dreary,
And dark fast coming on---
"Oh Edward, I am weary,
I would that we return."

Up spake the treacherous lover,
"Say no more these banks you'll roam,
But bid farewell forever
To parents and to home."

Down on her knees before him
She vainly plead for life,
But deep into her bosom
He plunged the deadly knife.

"Oh Edward, I forgive you,
It's my last, my dying breath,
I never did deceive you,
I'll close my eyes in death."

Remorseful, too late, cried the villain,
 "Oh God! What have I done?
 I've murdered my own Aurilla,
 As sure as the setting sun."

A stranger, passing, found her
 Lying cold and lifeless there,
 And Edward was hanged for murdering
 The Flower of Lyr Low Lare.

(phonetic Lilohlaire?)

Down By A Weeping Willow



Collected from P.W. Luke-Callaci by John Parke
 of Putney, Vt.

THE FOLK SONG

by Peter Felix

Buxton School

The folk song is a most important part of the American heritage. A song is a part of the act of worshipping God; fighting battles; playing games; putting children to sleep; or even the lighting of black wilderness. How could men have marched in wars, sailed the ships, or laid the rails, if the song had not functioned? The song spread the news, carried the political campaigns, enlivened a drinking bout, and released pent up emotions of revolt or despair.

There are two theories of the origin of the

folk song. Some hold that the folk songs were composed in the past by individuals just like other songs and have been handed down to us more or less incorrectly by oral tradition. The opponents of this school are impressed by the fact that the essential characteristics of the folk song, its freshness and naturalness are the very qualities which are absent from the popular song music of the past. They maintain, and I agree, that folk songs are the product not of the individual, but of a people or community; and that we are indebted to the process of oral tradition not merely for preserving our songs, but for molding, developing and creating as well.

For these songs have no pride of authorship, no smug polish or conceit of style. They do not represent the classical education. They were not written by people trying to be artists. They came directly without literary assumption from the poor and simple people, whom, to quote Lincoln: "God must have loved since he made so many of them." Some of their songs are noble and majestic, some have the fragrance of youth, some are simple ditties, and others carry the cosmic beat of the sea.

Like all other living languages, folk song is constantly changing, welling up as it does from eternal spring and undergoing transformations. Those of you who have heard the same song sung twice by the same or different singers know that there isn't and never will be any fixed or final version of any folk song. For the song has served the fun of the moment and the crisis of the heart. The folk song begins where the event ends.

From the beginning, Americans have expressed themselves in their songs. They sang as they worked and as they played. They sang as they fought, loved, prayed, or cried. The songs they sang are as much your heritage as this great country they willed to us with their blessing.

NEW HAMPSHIRE ARTS AND CRAFTS FAIR

The 16th annual craftsman's fair of the N.H. League of Arts and Crafts will be held from Aug. 2 to 6, at Belknap Mountain Recreation area, Gilford. The New Hampshire crafts group has won international reputation for the variety and excellence of its wares. The annual fair, held during the height of the vacation season, gives the public opportunity to see master craftsmen at work, to see excellent home and hand made articles displayed, and to purchase from a wide assortment. The league maintains high standards of workmanship for all products displayed and sold at the fair.

Believed to be the foremost crafts event in the country, the New Hampshire fair is a "must" with thousands who are vacationing in the state or who come from other states especially for the occasion. Admission to the fair is free and there is no obligation to purchase anything. The Gilford area contains picnicking and lunch facilities, a large parking area, and a number of other comforts for the many people who wish to spend all day at the fair.

The member guilds of the league select the master craftsmen who will demonstrate weaving, pottery making, wood carving and other skills.

A capacity crowd attended the Utility club's annual doll fair in Lyme, N.H. church, July 20. The exhibit of original doll creations of both modern and antique figures attracted more than 250 entries. Highlighting the fair were several groups of the Godey type, as well as those taken from popular reading and children's folk tales. Featuring the fair was a display of Mrs. Frederick Becton's dolls from her collection at Orfordville. Louisa Alcott's 'Little Women' also occupied a feature spot with the four sisters, Meg, Joe, Amy and Beth, dressed according to the times.



Whatever happened to that good, old-time holiday the Fourth of July, when we used to watch the brightly uniformed band stride up Main Street playing a Sousa march, with the red faced tuba player bringing up the rear? What ever became of those baseball games they used to play under the blazing sun, with a keg of beer on third base as standard equipment? Why don't we hear those speeches any more--those stirring orations sonorously proclaiming "the glory that is America"--before a straw hatted crowd, while the kids played tag and drank too much lemonade? And the fireworks that used to produce a chorus of "a-a ahs", they too, have paled. For Fourth of July parades and ball games can be seen on television, an automobile radio gives you a choice of oratory as you speed toward a cool resort. Sky-rockets are insignificant compared to a war movie. No, the "Glorious Fourth" just ain't what it used to be.

They've taken the "bang" out of the Fourth of July. There may be a bit of annoying noise from cap pistols, but not enough to prevent a long beauty sleep in the morning. It didn't used to be like that. With the crack of dawn our slumbers were disturbed by the distant muttering of firecrackers. Then, "KERWHAM", the first salute to the holiday exploded under our window to blast us from our beds. Within minutes we were out to join the fun, blowing our punk into a fragrant glow as the screen door slammed behind us.

We used to have a big wood pile in the back yard and all during the week before the big day we sweated to throw it all into the shed to earn a half a dollar to purchase torpedoes and fire-crackers from the village store, selecting our purchases with great care. The younger boys bought mostly sawdust filled boxes of torpedoes and strings of red Chinese crackers, along with a couple of boxes of sparklers for that night.

As we grew older we joined in the fun of "the night before". For in our small country towns the Fourth began with sundown on the 3rd, continuing all night. It was not optional, we were obliged to celebrate, and it was not confined to young boys either, for the older boys and young men always had some sort of a project to pass away the hours of darkness. The worst thing that could happen was to be cursed with a moonlight night on the 3rd of July. Though this did not completely baffle us it certainly cramped our style.

Several of our "projects" have left an indelible mark upon our memories. There was the night before when we swept Granite Lake clean of all boats and canoes and launched them in the "little pond". Craft were packed so tightly together in the confined area that one could walk from one side of the pond to the other without wetting a foot. It was two days before everybody got his boat back home, and it took quite a lot of uninhibited cussing to do it in that time.

The following year Granite Lake Camp had a group of counselors on their wharf to guard their boats and canoes. It was a dark night with a fair up lake breeze. We knew the lay of the land and they didn't. So it didn't take us long to appoint Ralph Green and Eddie Beverstock to act as decoys while four others swam out to the diving float and cut the rope anchor lines allowing the heavy thing to drift with the wind. In the darkness the guards failed to notice its casual voyage up the lake, and we left them alone

the rest of the night. As a punishment for permitting themselves to be hoodwinked the counselors had to row the float back to its moorings. We local boys tried to encourage them in the undertaking, calling advice from the shore, and circling around them in canoes, but they didn't seem to appreciate our efforts.

Another year we visited the nearby city of Keene to assist some of our high school friends for a couple of hours before we got started on our own town. There were electric cars there then, and for a while we had a good time laying roman candles in the tracks and watching the bright colored balls of fire disappear around Pearson's corner. This worked so well that Muggsy Waling tried a skyrocket in the same fashion. With characteristic "whoosh" it shot down the tracks and around the corner on its journey down Main Street. Unfortunately two special policemen were walking up the track in the middle of the street, having in mind to disperse the group of folks gathered at the corner to watch the flight of the earthbound rocket. We recall leaving town quite hurriedly, and that was the only time we ever tried to help out another town in "night before" activities.

We always tried to find a wagon to put up on the "long shed" roof. One year some of the boys worked half the night getting "Little Henry Wilson's" two seated buggy up there, complete with a straw filled "driver," corn cob pipe and all.

Not all of our projects were negotiated without let or hindrance, because there were several local citizens who could always be depended on to object to our escapades strenuously and vociferously. One night before we had done all the usual things we were supposed to do; rang the church bell, moved the settees from the store steps, moved Bert Wilder's hay rack a mile or so down the road, and a few other things like that. Well, along about two a.m. time had sort of begun to drag. We couldn't seem to get anything

under way that year. Until somebody suggested that we visit Warren Van Brocklin's.

It was always an adventurous undertaking to visit Warren the night before the fourth. To begin with he didn't approve of such social calls and took vigorous counter measures to discourage it. He had fathered a large family of half witted sons who could run like scared jack rabbits and who were obsessed with the idea of whaling the daylights out of anyone caught in fair chase.

Well, we struck out for the Van Brocklin place a good two miles away. As we neared the farm some of the younger boys and one or two of the slower footed began lagging behind, which, by that time was what all of us wanted to do, but the gang instinct was too strong to admit we were scared so we kept right on. We took it as a good omen to find the place in total darkness. We stopped at the foot of the driveway to talk things over a bit, and decided that an appropriate form of greeting would be to surround the house, and at a yell from Mac Green each of us would toss a two inch flash cracker in the general direction of the house and retire in good order to await developments. It was a good plan if it had worked.

All of us who were there remember in great detail the events of the next half hour. My cousin Clint Frazier and I were walking carefully along the path that led by the back piazza. Suddenly, without a fraction of a second's warning, we were scared out of four year's growth by the most blood curdling yell ever to come from the throat of man, and over the piazza railing vaulted one of the Van Brocklin boys. With a bandana handkerchief knotted around his head he looked like something from the Spanish Main. Our Quick take-off was the forerunner of all jet propulsion. At top speed we went through the back yard as if all the demons from Hell were after us. In two seconds I was all alone, for Clint had got

hung up on the clothes line. Being near a foot shorter than he was, I had run right under it without ever knowing it was there. But not Clint. He always said afterward that it felt as if his neck stretched at least a foot. The line caught him right on the Adam's apple, and while his feet kept treading the air they had nothing whatever to do with his progress. Perhaps it was because I was a couple of steps behind Clint as we walked down the path and thus was nearer to the kerchiefed Van Brocklin. Whatever the reason may have been, he paid no attention to Clint's emulating a human arrow, but confined his chase to me. The occasion did not call for artfulness. It called for speed. The land slanted down grade a bit and neither pursuer nor pursued were hampered any to speak of. Warren was great hand to leave his tools where he got through using them, and this was brought forcefully to my attention in no uncertain manner. It happened to be a cultivator that I ran afoul of. A two horse cultivator at that, with wings attached. Young Van Brocklin knew it was there, but miscalculated by a few inches so that one of the wings tripped him and he fell with a breath taking thump, and that ended his running career for that night. It took some time but I managed to make a clump of gray birches on the edge of the field, and sat there for some time rubbing my right knee and wondering in how many pieces it was broken.

On all sides the air was filled with a bedlam of assorted sounds. There was a great todo in the barnyard where Mac had sought refuge. There was a drop of five or six feet and he had landed on the guinea hens roost. If you have ever been in the midst of twenty five or thirty startled guinea hens you will have some idea of the confusion that ensued and the screaming that accompanied it.

From the apple orchard Warren could be heard calling to his son George, urging him to bring out the shot gun as he had one of the s.o.b.

"treed". It was Earl Barrett who had "treed". But he wasn't in the tree that Warren said he was, as subsequent events proved. After shooting most of a box of shells at the tree, blowing off a lot of the leaves and all the green apples, Warren left the battle field for the house, probably believing he had blown the "enemy" to kingdom come. As soon as it was deemed safe to do so, Earl let himself down from his perch two trees away, and lit out for home, cross lots.

Just over the stone wall from my clump of birches was a fair sized field of herds grass, and there was a lot of confusion going on out there. Some of Warren's visitors had sought safety in the shoulder high grass, and all the unattached Van Brocklins were galoping around trying to dislodge them from cover. Firecrackers were exploding all over the field, for anyone standing up was known to be a resident of the place and was treated as such. A splurge of shrill outcries proclaimed that two of the "invaders" had been routed from cover. They took off for the nearby woods followed by the Van Brocklin boys who were delighted with the chance to test their speed and endurance. Sounds of the chase gradually died away in the distance, and next morning we found out that Harold Tompkins and Ralph Green were the first of our group to get home.

It was nearly daylight when I hobbled into the house. Close scrutiny revealed no broken bones, and I've never had any affection for cultivators since then. Father had old Doc Grimes over the next day for a professional look, and he said I'd be all right after a while. He was right for by next football season I was able to walk with only the slightest of limps. Fourth of July is a lot safer and saner than it used to be, but it ain't near so much fun.



REPORT FROM ALAN DRAPER

We had a folk dance festival here at Syracuse University as you reported in the April Junket, and have a regular Folk Dance Group sponsored by the University Outing Club. This group meets Monday evenings at the Student Union, and has had a delegation present two television programs over WHEN. Four members appear regularly on Thursday evenings in a program called "Andy's Barn". The group has demonstrated and taught simpler dances to three church groups during the past season and will continue the work as soon as school reconvenes.

This summer I have been working on the television show and have been going to Woodhull's dances on Friday evenings. Also a very good caller (uses Woodhull's style) is Ace Peterson, who calls at Owasco Lake in a large open air pavillion Saturday nights. The pavillion overlooks the lake and is a beautiful place for a square dance; the capacity is about three times that of the Boston YWCA.

While honeymooning in Canada I found some good Apex records by Don Messer, and also a Cornhusker series of squares, but I was unimpressed by the calling on them.

Over the Fourth three couples of our group went to the Thousand Island district and in Clayton, N.Y. they led a block dance right in the busiest part of town. The caller was good and used many New England type prompting and patter calls, rather than the singing calls which are characteristic of the Syracuse area.

Please send me information about Monadnock-Folkways Summer School and enter my subscription to Northern Junket.

yours for good dancing
Alan Draper

CALLERS JAMBOREE

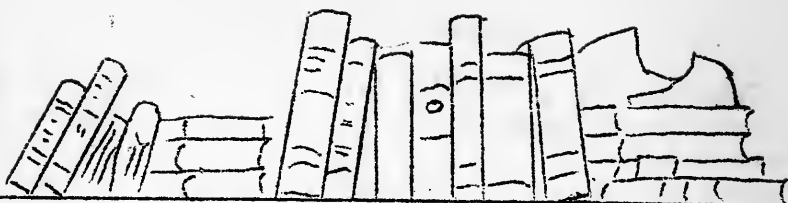
Concord N.H. Thanks to the Merrimack Valley Square Dance Association, the first Callers Jamboree ever held in the state of New Hampshire proved to be the outstanding square dance party the state has ever witnessed.

Over four hundred square dance lovers filled the high school gym to capacity. There were few spectators in the balcony for it seems that all came to dance. They sweltered and steamed thru an evening of squares and contras, for it was a terrifically hot and humid night. We hate to think what it would have been like without an air conditioning unit set up in one of the door ways.

Seven of the best callers in the country were invited and every one of them accepted; which is a near record in itself. In order of their appearance were: Pop Smith, Winstead, Conn. Gene Gowing, Peterboro, N.H. Hal Brundage, Ridgefield, Conn. Lawrence Loy, Amherst, Mass. Al Brundage, Stepny, Conn. Ed Durlacher, Freeport, N.Y. and Ralph Page, Keene, N.H. who was host caller and kept things moving in high gear throughout the evening.

The visiting callers were amazed at the overall dancing ability of the crowd, and said repeatedly that it was the best jamboree they had ever taken part in.

It was the final party of the season for the Merrimack Valley Square Dance Association. This newly formed group, comprised of square dancers of many towns in the area around Concord, N.H. is making the region decidedly square dance concious. All of the callers were made honorary members of the organization. A nice friendly gesture which all of them appreciate.



BOOK REVIEW

The Round Dance: Lloyd Shaw. Caxton Printers, Ltd. Caldwell, Idaho. 1949. \$5.00

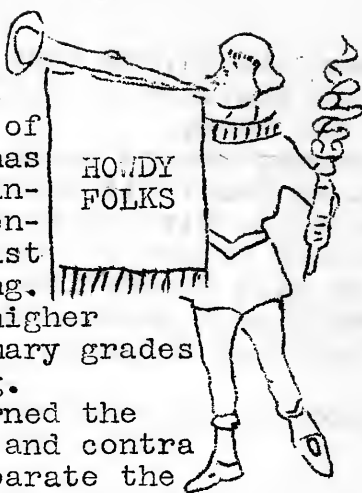
This book is the most complete on the subject of round dances, -or couple dances as many know them, -that has been published. Lloyd Shaw has not only described many different dances, but has given an historical account of each of the principle steps--schottische, polka, two step, mazurka, and waltz. One is surprised to learn how varied is the background of each of our common dance steps. He has also given hints here and there to aid in the teaching of these steps. The dances described have come from all parts of the United States, and instructions are detailed enough so that there is no doubt as to what to do or when to do it. There is no music in the book, but the names of suitable tunes are given for each dance. Also included are a number of fine photographic illustrations of some of the dances, though the costumes and poses shown are a little more extreme than one is likely to find on the average dance floor.

Altogether you will find this a suitable, useful and worthwhile addition to your library of dancing. Even if you have no idea of ever teaching the dances noted, you will get great enjoyment from reading it, for it is just as though "Pappy" Shaw were visiting you and talking to you from your favorite easy chair.

R.D. Hay
Cambridge, Mass.

We are now in the midst of the graduation season. Some graduating from one school of learning to another. What has all this to do with folk dancing? Well the folk dance enthusiast hereabouts (southeastern Mass.) also is graduating. To be true, only one class higher than the elementary or primary grades but nevertheless graduating. The average dancer has learned the basic calls used in square and contra dancing. Has learned to separate the call, necessary to execute the figure, from the immaterial patter, dances relaxed, and most important dances in time to the music. The above is all that is necessary to know to have a good time and to enjoy oneself at the average dance. If you fit into the above mentioned class, do not be overcome by your knowledge; you have barely scratched the surface in the Folk Dance field and it will be many moons before you leave the amateur class. I have talked with the callers and teachers who have fifteen to thirty-five years behind them in the folk dance art, and they are still learning.

Woe betide the caller who thinks he sits on Mt. Olympus and is monarch of all he surveys. His descent will be much more rapid than his rise. The average caller in this district, and point me out one who is not average, must at all times be reaching, looking and learning new dances to pass on to the folks. That is, if he or she is intent on furthering the revival of folk dancing I feel that folk dancing is here to stay for a long time, and will prove a popular form of recreation and must not turn into a fad as many folks would like to have you believe. I have visited far and wide, danced and called



in many places, but have always come home feeling that the dancers and callers hereabouts rate with the best.

The summer season is upon us. Vacation time is near. As you visit around the country make it a point to inquire where you can find a square dance, and attend as many as you can. In doing so you will broaden your folk dance education. So, until next September, from one graduate to another, keep swinging.

Charlie Baldwin

(reprinted by permission from the Country Dance Seranader).

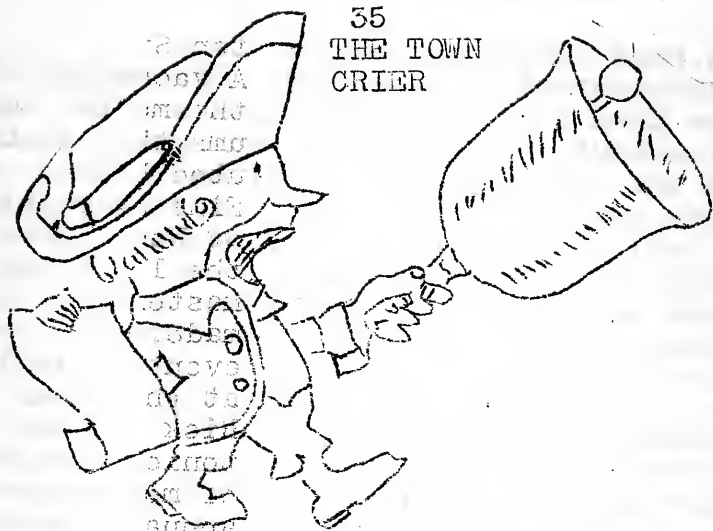
MONADNOCK-FOLKWAYS ACTIVITIES

By Joan Atkinson

Something big is on the agenda for North Peterboro. Gene Gowing and Ralph Page are conducting the Monadnock-Folkways with an eye toward making it the first university of folk material in this country. The university would have five incorporates, and so financed that it could be carried on even without Gowing and Page.

The first of two summer sessions of classes and lectures on all kinds of American and English folk dancing was held June 25-July 2, with 26 full time and 8 part time students, representing most of southern N.H., Saratoga Springs and New York City, N.Y.; Cleveland, Ohio; Newark, N.J.; Fairlee, Vt.; Carlsbad, N.Mex.; and Montreal, Canada. Students who take 48 hours of dancing and 12 hours of study at the sessions, earn two college credits that are acceptable in many universities and western colleges. Since few orchestrations of folk dances are available Stan Proper of Keene, N.H. adapts for the orchestra all the music used at the studio.

The studio sports a floor laid on springs, the modern version of floors that were laid on rubber balls to provide give and prevent breaking under the weight of swinging couples.



Married: Jacquelin Hessian and John Ward, June 11. After a wedding tour of the mid-west, Mr and Mrs. Ward will make their home in Boston.

Married: Priscilla Rabethge and Donald Urner, June 18, in North Conway, N.H. Congragational Church Mr. and Mrs. Urner will make their home in Washington, D.C.

Married: Nicki Harshaw and Max Chase, July 1, in Andover, Mass.

The Country Dance Society will hold its annual summer session at Pinewoods Camp, Long Pond, Buzzards Bay, Mass., Aug. 7-25, with May Gadd as chairman of the summer camp directors. American and English country, square, morris and sword dances, folk music, and a leaders' workshop are on the Schedule. Ed Durlacher reports that his Central Park Square dances are having forty per cent higher attendance than ever before. He expects a million people before the season is ended. Monadnock-Folkways, Peterboro, N.H. is this year inaugurating a series of Sunday night folk sings. These are free to the general public, and is receiving a generous response.

The Washington, D.C. Folk Dance Group is meeting this summer at Central High School, 13th and Clif-

ton Sts. Dave Rosenberg, leader.

A vacationers' guide, containing information of the more than 250 historic houses and 120 museums throughout NEW ENGLAND is now being distributed by the New England Council, the Museum of Fine Arts, and the Society for the Preservation of New England Antiquities. The Booklet lists the locations of art treasures, architectural masterpieces, homes where American history was made, museums with relics of famous people, and events and industrial museums. It is available at the N.E. Council, Statler Bldg. Boston, Mass. Rick Holder, Tufts graduate, now with the San Antonio recreation department led an exhibition of modern square dancing at the thirty-third annual meeting of the Texas Folklore Society in San Antonio, last April.

Prof. Alton C. Morris, University of Florida, will offer a special course in American folk songs at the Harvard University summer session.

Indiana University has announced plans for a graduate curriculum in folklore leading to the degrees Master of Arts and Doctor of Philosophy. Students holding undergraduate majors in English and foreign languages, or in anthropology, history, sociology, psychology, and other social science fields, are eligible for the program.

Leadership in Folk Dance" Elizabeth Burchenal's third annual course at Boston University's summer session at Sargent Camp, will be given July 11-22. Miss Burchenal has just been elected as an honorary member of the newly formed Irish Dance Commission in Eire, and also as Honorary Extraordinary Member of the Danish Folk Dance Society in Denmark, which has designated her as official translator of the Danish folk dance collections. At the International Folk Dance Congress and Festival in Venice Sept. 7-11, she will participate on behalf of the United States.

Marshfield Fair is sponsoring its third annual Folk Dance Festival, Aug. 23. An afternoon program lists Charlie Baldwin, master of ceremonies.

Brockton Fair for the first time is sponsoring a Dance Festival, Sept. 10-11. The first day will have 'teen age groups in the afternoon and an Old Fashioned Hoe Down at night. Next afternoon will have International dances predominating. Charlie Baldwin is directing this festival also. Lawrence Loy, U. of Mass. one of the guest callers will act as master of ceremonies.

Perkinsville, Vt. held an all square dance street dance July 23. Ray Buzzell, Springfield, Vt. leader. First Monadnock Region Antiques Fair was held in the Town House, Peterboro, N.H. July 22-24.

Wyoming Grange, South Weare, N.H. recently held an old time singing school, Oscar Straw, leader. The program included choral numbers, duets, solos, as well as stories and instrumental numbers.

Dick Comey, square dancer of Weston, Mass. son of Mrs. Philip Sharples, Cambridge, Mass. led the 1949 national soaring contest entrants in a 101 mile objective flight from Elmira, N.Y. to Buffalo, N.Y. Comey, the 1949 national soaring titlist made the flight in 3 hours and 55 minutes.

Enroute from Springfield to Worcester, Mass. be sure to stop and visit Old Sturbridge Village. This is New England's center of living history. Thirty buildings, including working craft shops, mills, 18th century houses, church and general store, arranged in the manner of a New England town of the year 1800.

A Springfield, Mass. man was granted a divorce on the grounds that his wife beat him up for not knowing the polka.

If you are in the neighborhood of Falmouth, Mass. on Monday night remember that there is square dancing at the Falmouth Recreation Building. George and Bob Gulyassy, and Phil Jamoulis furnish the music, with Ted Sanella calling.

Because many vacationists visiting various parts of Canada have been hunting for distinctive Canadian dishes, the Junior Chamber of Commerce of Canada has initiated a plan to cater to the food

wishes of visitors to the Dominion. Cooperating with a number of Canadian organizations, plans have been completed to supply restaurants with recipes for special Canadian dishes. There are 10 Canadian provinces, and each one will offer something special to the gastronomic traveller. Visitors to Ontario and Quebec provinces will be offered blueberry crisp pudding and French-Canadian family soup as their respective food specialities. New Brunswick will feature baked beans, Canadian style. Nova Scotia will feature its tart apples in a down east pudding. Prince Edward Island will offer clam chowder, Atlantic style, and Newfoundland, codfish and salt pork. Turning westward, Manitoba will have hard wheat flour popovers, Saskatchewan, baked macaroni and cheese made with prairie grown Durum wheat. Alberta, the cattle province, will feature beefsteak pie, and British Columbia, Lion's Gate pancakes, named after the Lion's Gate bridge in Vancouver. Place mats with the recipe, for each dish will be used by restaurants serving the dishes.

Mass. Jr. Veg. Growers Ass'n sponsored a Country Dance Festival in the State Armory, Concord, Mass. July 25, Joe Perkins, director. Proceeds went to the "On To Washington Fund."

Middlesex County Folk Dance Festival, Emerson playground, Concord, Mass. Aug. 8. In case of rain it will be held in the Armory. Guest callers and general dancing for all. Charlie Baldwin's Country Dance Seranaders will furnish music.

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